

creature supposed that he could possibly steal documents from the War Office, or that he would know what to do with them if he could. But even upon a foundation so unpromising it was possible to build up quite an imposing superstructure of romance. Accordingly the Teuton barber or baker was dragged from his shop and set to work upon the most amazing adventures. He was to poison water-works; to dynamite underground railways; to infect the milk-supply with typhoid germs; to rise in his millions all over England, ready-provided with uniforms and Mausers and *pickelhaubes*. He was to kidnap King George, to shanghai Lord Kitchener. He was the "Foreign Danger," the "Enemy in Our Midst," the "Evil That Walks by Night."

Perhaps one sane person in a million seriously believed these things. (I except the newspaper reporters, who have their living to make, and, as we know, never write what they do not believe.) The rest of England set valiantly to work to convince themselves and each other and enjoyed it. You might have no personal feelings against your neighbor who was unlucky enough to have a German-sounding name; you might even go on buying your bread from him or being shaved by him; but there was always the glorious "if." What if his bedroom were full of bombs? What if he had a fully equipped wireless installation in the third floor

back? What if his cellar was packed with machine guns or smallpox bacilli? It was your duty—the daily press was never tired of telling you so—to denounce him at once to the police. And you did. If he happened to be as English as yourself in all but name it was his business to prove it. You at least had done your duty; and during the half hour while you were concocting your letter to Scotland Yard you topped the very mountain-peaks of rapturous romance.

You must know your Londoner very well indeed to understand him, and accordingly the acutest foreign observers have been altogether at sea in their diagnosis of post-war-declaration London. London is neither panic-stricken at the thought of Zeppelins nor panic-enraged by the supposed iniquities of spies. The one imperative need for every true Cockney, a need more pressing than that of bread, is for something that will put a little rose-color into the dun clouds of day-by-day existence, that will set him on speaking terms with romance. Other great cities feel the same need, though proportionately the less as they are themselves less great and less gray. The Zeppelin and the spy are to the Londoner God-given opportunities. Can you blame him that he enjoys them to the very full while he may?

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER.

## Five Weeks of War in the East

FOR Americans the best parallel for the second German offensive operation in Poland is the Battle of Chancellorsville. In that Civil War combat, it will be recalled that Lee, hopelessly outnumbered by Hooker, won a triumph of considerable proportions by sending Jackson from his own right flank straight across the whole front of the Union Army and throwing him against the right and rear of Hooker, crumpling up the Federal force, and ultimately compelling its retirement beyond the Rapidan and the collapse of the second great offensive toward Richmond.

On a tremendously magnified scale this was the operation undertaken by Von Hindenburg in Poland, which is still continuing when this review is written. When the German movement began, one Russian army was inside the German frontier in East Prussia moving toward Koenigsberg. Two more were approaching Cracow far to the south, one moving west through Galicia, the other south through Poland. In addition Cossacks were again in Hungary, and so threatening had this invasion become that Austria was already recalling troops from Serbia, whose departure presently made possible the great Servian victory of December.

The fourth Russian army, that against which Von Hindenburg directed his attack, was advancing along a broad front from the Vistula to Lodz in Poland, but its mass was due west of Lodz along

the Warsaw-Frankfurt railroad, which crosses the Silesian frontier just west of Kalisz. To the north a small detachment of Cossacks had already penetrated into Posen, which for the first time in the great war was now invaded.

In this situation it was impossible for the Germans and their Austrian allies to meet all four Russian armies with equal numbers. It was impossible for them to meet the fourth or Polish army, advancing on the Frankfurt line with equal strength, but it was conceivable that by some combination Von Hindenburg might, as Lee did in Virginia, bring a superior number to a decisive point. It was vitally necessary that he should do this, because the onrush of all four Russian armies was now becoming exceedingly perilous to German fortunes in the east. But if he could decisively defeat the Polish army and drive it east, it was probable that the Russians would withdraw troops from Galicia and East Prussia to reinforce their defeated Polish army, and thus relieve pressure north and south and rescue Cracow, now on the point of investment.

What Von Hindenburg did was just this. His main army stood on the Silesian frontier facing Kalisz, with the Russian Polish army in front of it. Leaving a small force here, he put his masses on trains and transported them due north on the German strategic lines which follow the frontier, and

detrained them on a front just south of the Vistula and Thorn. Thence he marched them rapidly into Poland, striking southeast along the Thorn-Warsaw railroad. Precisely in the same way Jackson had moved across the whole front of Hooker's army.

Unlike the Union army in Virginia, the Russians were not surprised, but they had no immediate remedy. Railroads were lacking to them, the Germans at Thorn were nearer Warsaw than they were at Kalisz, and it was inevitable, therefore, that the Germans would get between the Czar's forces and Warsaw, cut their line of communications with the Polish capital, and threaten them on flank and rear. Still they retreated as swiftly as possible, followed by the German troops left in their front. When they had reached Lodz, half way between Warsaw and Kalisz, the inevitable had happened, and the Germans were swirling round their flank and in their rear, having broken through the thin line that defended the Russian flank between the Vistula and Lodz.

Substantially the same thing that happened to the Federal right at Chancellorsville now happened to the Russian right and centre about Lodz. They were threatened with destruction, swept back in a half circle away from Warsaw, and at the same time attacked in the front by the German troops advancing from Kalisz. But once more the enormous resources of Russia in numbers saved her from disaster. Gathering up all the garrison and reserve troops in Warsaw and the nearby fortresses, the Russians pushed a new army out from Warsaw which took the Germans in the rear. Thus by a sudden turn of fortune the Germans, who had half surrounded the Russians at Lodz, found themselves caught between the Russian troops in Lodz, and those coming along the Warsaw railroad and operating south of Lowicz and Skierniewicz.

A few days before, Berlin had claimed a decisive victory. Petrograd now began to talk of a German Sedan. But German military skill met the crisis, the gravest for Germany in the war. While the troops in the Russian net cut their way out to the north and west, new troops were hastily brought from Flanders and France to the danger point and covered the broken corps as they emerged from the Russian vise. Some of the most desperate and costly fighting of the war took place at this stage. But when it had terminated, Russians and Germans faced each other in a double line across Poland from the Vistula to Galicia, and the campaign resolved itself into a deadlock. The Russians, straightening out their line, evacuated Lodz and stood just west of the Warsaw-Cracow railroad.

The German offensive had thus failed to relieve pressure upon their armies in East Prussia and Galicia, and had won no decisive victory. So far the offensive had been a frightfully expensive and relatively unprofitable effort, for the conquest of Polish fields and cities was without military value. It was necessary to continue and to devise some new plan of campaign. This Von Hindenburg did, but not until he had called still more troops

from the Western field, and thus compelled the surrender of the offensive in France and Flanders and the abandonment of the drive to Calais and the Channel.

The second plan was really a development of the first. The Russian troops drawn from Warsaw to save the Russians at Lodz were not very numerous. When the lines straightened out they became the right wing and stretched from the Vistula to Lowicz north of Lodz. By massing his new troops against this right Von Hindenburg might hope by sheer weight of numbers to force it back upon Warsaw, through Warsaw, and give his Emperor the Polish capital for a Christmas present. His success or failure would depend upon whether the Russians could concentrate enough troops at the danger point, and their means of transportation were incomparably less than the Germans'.

Accordingly the German drive along the south bank of the Vistula continued, pushed the Russians back, until on December 20 they stood at the Bzura River, about twenty miles from Warsaw, in the last defensive position west of the city. This river coming north enters the Vistula a little west of Socharew, which is on the Warsaw-Lodz railroad. In addition to the river the marshes in this region make the position strong for a defensive fight. Meanwhile from all available points reinforcements were being poured through Warsaw to the battle line, and it seemed unmistakable that if the Russians could hold on a day or two longer the second invasion of Poland, like the first, would fail almost within sight of the suburbs of the capital.

Warsaw captured, the Germans could expect the Russians to draw back along the front from the Carpathians to the Baltic, abandon the siege of Przemyśl for the second time, retreat from Cracow. Already Berlin was celebrating the official announcement that the Russian invasion of Posen and Silesia was no longer to be feared. Warsaw in German hands might be the eastern outpost of the empire which had now made Antwerp a western bulwark. Russian retreat assured, troops might be sent back to the west to resume the offensive.

But if Warsaw did not fall, if Von Hindenburg had a second time to retreat, to go back over the wasted Polish lands now beaten upon by a northern winter, followed by fresh Russian masses, if a new invasion of Posen and Silesia were presently threatened and all the expenditure of life and material in this great invasion proved in vain, the German people would then have to face the grim prospect of a defensive fight on both frontiers, on the east inside their own frontier. New troops might have to be drawn from the west, the allied offensive in France and Belgium might prevail by sheer force of numbers.

Such, briefly, was the general character of the last six weeks of the Eastern campaign. In detail it resembled the Chancellorsville fight, in conception it was Napoleonic, reminiscent of Napoleon's

most famous strategic venture, when he took his army over the Alps, and, coming down on the Austrian rear, won Marengo. But actually the problem was one of transportation, more to be compared with the task of the operating department of a railroad than with the popular notion of military maneuver. The locomotive had replaced the war horse.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

## Legendary John Reed

**T**HOUGH he is only in his middle twenties and but five years out of Harvard, there is a legend of John Reed. It began, as I remember, when he proved himself to be the most inspired song and cheer leader that the football crowd had had for many days. At first there was nothing to recommend him but his cheek. That was supreme. He would stand up alone before a few thousand undergraduates and demonstrate without a quiver of self-consciousness just how a cheer should be given. If he didn't like the way his instructions were followed he cursed at the crowd, he bullied it, sneered at it. But he always captured it. It was a sensational triumph, for Jack Reed wasn't altogether good form at college. He came from Oregon, showed his feelings in public, and said what he thought to the club men who didn't like to hear it.

Even as an undergraduate he betrayed what many people believe to be the central passion of his life, an inordinate desire to be arrested. He spent a brief vacation in Europe and experimented with the jails of England, France, and Spain. In one Spanish village he was locked up on general principles, because the King happened to be passing through town that day. The next incident took place during the Paterson strike. Reed was in town less than twenty-four hours before the police had him in custody. He capped his arrest by staging the Paterson strike pageant in Madison Square Garden, and then left for Europe to live in a Florentine villa, where he was said to be hobnobbing with the illegitimate son of Oscar Wilde, and to be catching glimpses of Gordon Craig. He made speeches to Italian syndicalists and appointed himself to carry the greetings of the American labor movement to their foreign comrades. He bathed in a fountain designed by Michelangelo and became violently ill. He tried high romance in Provence. One night, so he says, he wrestled with a ghost in a haunted house, and was thrown out of bed.

He lived in those days by editing and writing for the *American Magazine*. But that allegiance couldn't last. Reed wasn't meant for sedate family life, and he broke away to join the staff of the "Masses." They advertised him as their jail editor, but as a matter of fact he was the managing editor, which even on the *Masses* carries with it a prosaic routine. For a few weeks Reed tried to take the *Masses'* view of life. He assumed that all

capitalists were fat, bald, and unctuous, that reformers were cowardly or scheming, that all newspapers are corrupt, that Victor Berger and the Socialist party and Samuel Gompers and the trade unions are a fraud on labor. He made an effort to believe that the working class is not composed of miners, plumbers and working men generally, but is a fine, statuesque giant who stands on a high hill facing the sun. He wrote stories about the night court and plays about ladies in kimonos. He talked with intelligent tolerance about dynamite, and thought he saw an intimate connection between the cubists and the I.W.W. He even read a few pages of Bergson.

But it was only a flirtation. Reed's real chance came when the *Metropolitan Magazine* sent him to Mexico. All his second-rate theory and propaganda seemed to fall away, and the public discovered that whatever John Reed could touch or see or smell he could convey. The variety of his impressions, the resources and color of his language seemed inexhaustible. The articles which he sent back from the border were as hot as the Mexican desert, and Villa's revolution, till then reported only as a nuisance, began to unfold itself into throngs of moving people in a gorgeous panorama of earth and sky. Reed loved the Mexicans he met, loved them as they were, marched with them, raided with them, danced with them, drank with them, risked his life with them. He had none of the condescension of the foreigner, no white man's superiority. He was not too dainty, or too wise, or too lazy. Mexicans were real people to him with whom he liked to be. He shared their hatred of the *cientificos*, he felt as they did about the church, and he wrote back to us that if the United States intervened to stop the revolution he would fight on Villa's side.

He did not judge, he identified himself with the struggle, and gradually what he saw mingled with what he hoped. Wherever his sympathies marched with the facts, Reed was superb. His interview with Carranza almost a year ago was so sensationally accurate in its estimate of the feeling between Carranza and Villa that he suppressed it at the time out of loyalty to the success of the revolution. But where his feeling conflicted with the facts, his vision flickered. He seems totally to have misjudged the power of Villa.

Reed has no detachment, and is proud of it, I think. By temperament he is not a professional writer or reporter. He is a person who enjoys himself. Revolution, literature, poetry, they are only things which hold him at times, incidents merely of his living. Now and then he finds adventure by imagining it, oftener he transforms his own experience. He is one of those people who treat as serious possibilities such stock fantasies as shipping before the mast, rescuing women, hunting lions, or trying to fly around the world in an aeroplane. He is the only fellow I know who gets himself pursued by men with revolvers, who is always once more just about to ruin himself.

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